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DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY.

Mr. Lardner, in his Lectures on the Steam Engine, has the following passage, p. 195, fourth edition. Speaking of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, he says, "I cannot conclude my observations on this great national undertaking, without expressing my regret that the directors have not thrown its advantages more open to the population among whom it has sprung up. No visitor can examine the details of the works without being struck with the circumstance, that the bulk of the persons engaged upon them, in almost every capacity, are strangers to the soil and to the surrounding population, and appear to be brought from another part of the kingdom to reap benefits to which the local population have a moral right—a right which, I am persuaded, the body of directors and proprietors would, if consulted individually, have respected."

It is only necessary to draw attention to these observations, as the opinion expressed in the conclusion is, we are satisfied, fully applicable to the gentlemen connected with the Dublin and Kingstown Railroad. The moral right of our local population should be the more regarded, as it is one of the poorer classes, and that to a large extent, which will be thrown out of the regular line of employment, and forced to seek some other road for its industry. It is easy to tell such that every progression in machinery is a national advantage, and though individuals suffer, the general good is promoted—though labour is diminished in one way, it is greatly increased in others. The Manchester railroad interfered with, and quickly did away, the numerous coach-owners, with their train of drivers, guards, hostlers, &c. on that road—yet what are some of its results with respect to labour?—the communication being so easy, the number of passengers, as well as the quantity of goods, has greatly increased, and is daily increasing; hence porters, omnibuses, waggons, &c., in all parts, not only of Liverpool and Manchester, but of the intermediate towns, &c. The men engaged on the road itself amount to seven or eight hundred, while from the quickness of conveyance to the best markets, numbers of vegetable gardens, dairies, &c., have sprung up along the line. We say nothing of our Irish produce; any thing which carries it quicker from its own country may be objected against—yet it is something for a cattle jobber, as I knew of one lately, to offer a beast in the Liverpool market for twenty pounds in the morning, and three or four hours after sell him in Manchester for twenty guineas. It would occupy too much space, otherwise the cotton manufacture presents the most striking results; every improvement in the machinery tended to diminish the immediate manual labour; one after the other the old descriptions of workmen were superseded, yet, owing to the cheapness of production, the increase of consumption, and the extension of commerce, indirect labour has been multiplied beyond estimation. Somebody says, and says truly, that Cæsar, when Emperor of Rome, had neither a clean shirt to his back, nor glass in his windows—the peasant of England has both—such are the results of her machinery. Fifty years ago a gentleman, from the time he left the nursery, wore a wig, rising through all the degrees from bob to full bottom—the very children strutted about in the grandsire's old ones, cut down by the village Bassegio from seventy-fours to frigates. In the march of improvement of that day, it would have been just as rational for the wig-makers to have petitioned parliament to compel gentlemen to wear wigs for ever, as in the present day to prevent the use of machinery; yet the wigmakers might cry out, "Othello's occupation's gone." However, people set their sons now to something better than stitching hairs together, and gentlemen's heads look all the neater into the bargain. It is easy to offer such arguments to the people, but examples are better than arguments, and the employment of the local population will go farther to remove any ill feeling towards the railroad, and will lessen the poverty which must for a while result from many individuals being thrown out of their occupation, and which makes it an act of injustice to introduce strangers. I am acquainted with the neighbourhood, and am sorry to see strangers already employed; it is not too late to remedy this in a great degree, and some observations to the purport might be beneficial.

G.

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES.

Continued from our Notice of Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends.

John Mulligan was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Carlow spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boon companion over a jug of punch as you would meet from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in nineteen baronies. May be he stuck more to it than he ought to have done—but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories—many more did not believe them—but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbours who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College, to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at, and said that it was impossible—that it was merely old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most credible sources—nay, that some of them had been told him by his own grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

"But," said they, "Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?"

"Never" was the reply. "Never, as I am a man of honour and credit."

"Well, then," they answered, "until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of my grandmother."

Jack was particularly nettled at this, and took up the cudgels for his grandmother; but the youngers were too sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old croney of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have any thing more to do with a pair of jackanapes puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were taught by a parcel of wiggly, red-snouted, prating prigs, ("not," added he, "however, that I say a man may not be a good man and have a red nose,") they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

Herode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shaun-buie could powder away over the limestone. "Sure enough," hiccuped he, "the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy; and I would give up as good five acres as ever grew apple-potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?"

He looked, and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them, as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which in the oldest title-deeds of the county, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its centre, but its massy boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it bright. If I were a poet, like Mr. Wordsworth, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments—and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough;